Philza Zine

produced in collaboration with the
InTheLittleZine community

Contributor Credits:

AdamTheUniversal
Beans SaintStarling Corvoidae
Donnerstag MartynSimp69
Eirawashere
IzelTheWashbear
MaggyMations
matcha-fawn
phosphorous-noodles
th3_dark_abyss
tinja_p

Formatted by ilex diapason

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ITLW

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WHERE THE FUCK
WHERE THE FUCK AM I

Phlimited Life

by Excel

The sun began to rise over the weary, blood-drenched server. The land was covered in crumbling bodies of warriors long forgotten and even longer dead. Only a day had passed since the place became alive and full of people, only to crumble to dust within less than twenty four hours.

Most of its inhabitants already perished in the manic chase that was supposed to earn them the salvatory time. Alas, as the land was basked with the first rays of the morning sun, only two people could be spotted restlessly fighting each other in a blood-fueled daze.

Mere moments after being killed again, Impulse pulled himself off the rocky, cold ground of the spawn and avoided another slash of Scott's sword. The two weapons hit against each other, a loud clang of metal ringing through the air. With each step that they took throughout their battle-like dance, their footsteps marked the ground with splatters of blood and saline. Slashes, cuts and open wounds kept the circle going, periodically causing one of them to fall, perish, then respawn and go back into the fight with at least somewhat renewed energy. I destroy you, so you destroy me, so I destroy you, so you destroy me. If only killing the other person gave them the same amount of time they lost by dying... They could keep this up forever, becoming the first true perpetual motion machine.

"Wait!-" Impulse groaned in pain as Scott's blade grazed against his side. He reached his hand out, causing his opponent to immediately stop his attack and straighten up. "Let's... Dude, let's think about this. It's pointless to just kill each other over and over and over, isn't it?"

"It's..." Scott bit his lip and lowered his weapon. "Yeah, I guess so."

His sword fell to the ground with a loud clang, and Scott swiftly kicked it away. He didn't even have to fear this being a trap - Impulse also tossed his axe aside. Both of them just stared at each other, panting. Fresh blood marked their skin

and clothes; their hair was sticky with sweat, their breathing united in a struggle to calm down. For just a minute, it felt like they could find a common language.

"So... What do we do...?" Impulse asked, his hands resting against his knees. "Can we just... Talk it out...?"

Scott raised his head up, his chest still burning from the strain. The sky was beginning to take on a gentle, blue tone, even if the clouds still had a grey, dusky tint to them. A few small, black birds circled around them high in the sky. His first thought was that they were vultures, waiting to feed on their corpses, but they looked far too small. They seemed closer to crows, if anything.

"Hold on... How much time are you on?"

"Just under two hours. You?"

"Barely five."

Impulse let out a whistle, then chuckled in an amused manner. "No fair, dude!"

Scott lowered his head and smiled gently. "Listen, let's just... How about we equal out our time, so that we're on an hour each, and then finish it off? We can take off our armor. You know, a proper fistfight."

"That seems more like it." Impulse hummed. He reached out to the straps that kept his chestplate in place, attempting to take it off. Then, a realization hit him. "Wait, where's Martyn? He didn't die yet, did he?"

Scott turned to him in surprise. That was a good point that he'd forgotten in the fervour of their battle.

"No, he didn't... Last time I saw him, was back at the Co-"

He was interrupted by a loud cawing of the crows that landed around them. There were more of them than what Scott had seen when he'd looked up. He wasn't even sure where they came from, but at this point he couldn't care less about the birds. Instead, he looked down at his wristband, to check the player list. The sight made his blood freeze.

"I... I don't see him on the list..."

"What do you mean?" Impulse tilted his head. One of the crows landed on his shoulder pads, which he either didn't notice, or didn't bother with shooing it away.

"I just don't- He's not listed as either alive, or dead... And, uh, even worse, there's... Someone here I don't recognize..."

"What...?"

"Someone named Ph-"

Before Scott could finish, a cold breeze blew over them. But it wasn't just normal wind. Loud flap of powerful wings boomed over them, and both of them looked up to see who just joined their struggle.

Joined by a whole flock of cawing and cooing crows, a tall, winged man hovered just several feet above their heads. His wings covered the sun, covering the two players in shadow. His face was obstructed by the wide rim of his two-colored hat, but a pair of striking, blue eyes could be seen underneath. Scott took a step back.

"What the... You're not Martyn..."

"Oh hell naw!" The guy chuckled, clearly amused by the situation. "Whatcha doing? Can I join?"

Scott flinched as the stranger pulled out his sword. A long blade of dark metal and careful carvings. Glint of enchantments barely illuminated the man's face - a bit old, a bit scruffy, but with an aura of power coming off from him. As if on an unspoken command, his flock of crows charged right at the players.

"Impulse! Watch out!"

Scott pushed his friend away to hopefully help him escape, but it was too late for him. The horde of birds immediately attacked, pecking and scratching and banging their wings against his weakened body. Before Impulse's eyes, the stranger charged at Scott, one strike enough to lethally cut through him.

Smajor1995 was slain by Ph1lzA

"Woah!" Impulse let out a startled scream. He was ready to run, but the stranger was faster than his reflexes. A part of the flock shot right at Impulse, knocking him off his feet. "Wait, wait, hold on-!"

But before he could even attempt to defend himself, the stranger's sword pierced through him with a squelching noise.

ImpulseSV was slain by Ph1lzA

Phil wiped the sweat off his forehead and sighed with relief. The crows immediately sat on top of the corpses, pecking them and cawing loudly between each other.

"Wow! That was huge, guys! We gotta do this shit more often." The avian stretched out his arms and wings, stepping off Impulse's body. One of the birds landed on his shoulder and let out a clicking sound. "Wait, what? You-" The man turned to the first player he slayed just a second ago, then groaned in frustration upon the realization. "Oh fuck, Scott! Fucking hell... Chat, I'll be banned from MCC and this is all your fault!"

The crows continued to caw, coo and squawk between each other. The avian groaned and sat between the two bodies, his expression immediately souring upon the realization.

"Stupid fuckin' birds..." He muttered under his breath. Despite what he said, he didn't stop the flock from sitting all over his hat, shoulders and lap. "Alright, no more world hoppin' if you guys can't behave yourselves!"

One of the birds landed in front of the man. It was holding a part of the coral that it broke off from Scott's crown. The crow dropped it from its beak and nudged it towards Phil.

"This is the last time I listen to your stupid ideas! And donations aren't gonna help! No more mister nice guy!"

Another bird joined the first one and began hopping and flapping its wings, as if trying to signal something. Phil rolled his eyes, more and more fed up with the antics of his flock.

"Oh don't fuckin' blame me, dude! A guy just wants to be nice and do some fun murder, and this is what I get!"

The crow continued to screech and hop around, getting more and more restless. Getting a bit concerned, the man leaned forward.

"What are you talking about? This place is empty, I'll be fine!"

As if on command, a loud rattling sound reverberated just behind him. The avian immediately tensed, his wings opening in a startled manner. The inhuman grunts right behind him sent a cold shiver down his spine, as a long buried, painful memory surfaced.

"It's right behind me, isn't it?"

As if on command, two rows of tiny, sharp teeth of a baby zombie dug deep into his wing. Phil let out a pained scream and immediately jumped up, attempting to shake the monster off.

"Fuck! Get off me, you li'l shit!" he yelled at the top of his lungs, scrambling back and flapping his wing to get it off. The little hellspawn clutched his wing painfully hard, and its golden armor weighed the man down even further. This one time, the crows refused to attack - all of them turned to watch their master's struggle in a silent amusement. "Guys! A little help, maybe?!"

The birds looked at one another, but none of them attempted to even get closer. They just watched as the zombie landed on the struggling avian's back, biting and scratching.

"Not again! Fuuuuuck!" Phil screamed as he ultimately fell to the ground. Seconds later, the bloodthirsty monster sunk its teeth into his neck artery.

Ph1lzA was slain by Zombie

"Where the hell did it even come from?! Thanks for help, Chat." A disembodied voice came off from right above the fallen corpse of the stranger. The crows immediately sat on top of their master's body and began pecking him. "You fuckin- Oh, for fuck's sake... Let's just get out of here. Hope this guy who got yoinked out of here ended up in a better place than this shithole."

ADAM
25
MONTER

ERRMM...
THIS ISN'T MY
ANTARCTICEMPIRE

maggy
matlows

PHILZA LOOK OUT

by Abyss

Three echoing tolls of a bell; your Judgement.

Sans again stands before you, his eyes sharp against the shadows coating the hall.

It's time to find out what this guy can do when he's really got nothing left to lose.

"heya. you've been busy, huh?"

Your HARDCORE HEART beats heavily in your SOUL.

"...so, i've got a question for ya. do you think even the worst person can change...? that everybody can be a good person, if they just try?"

You're numb. Emotionless. Violent. It didn't start like this; you used to be kind, curious. A pacifist. That isn't you anymore, and you can't place when it changed. Sans chuckles.

"all right. well, here's a better question." His eyes flash. **"do you wanna have a bad time?"**

The image of a tall skeleton crumbling into dust at your blade rises to the front of your mind.

"'cause if you take another step forward... you are REALLY not going to like what happens next."

You've come this far already. You might as well keep going. Full of confidence, arrogance, and determination, you walk towards him.

Sans shakes his head and sighs as you draw your knife. **"welp. sorry, old lady."**

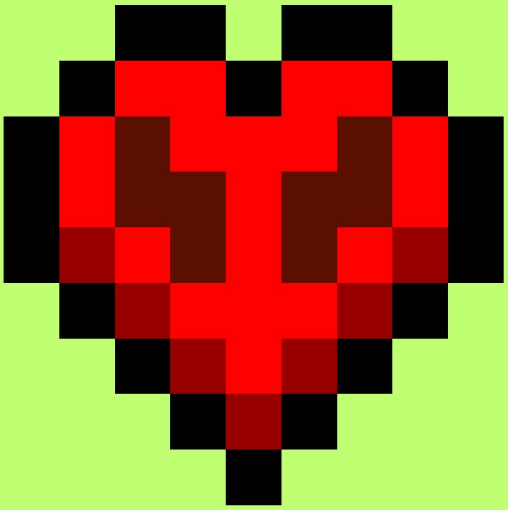
He raises a hand. You expect an attack, but all he does is deliver a fate even worse than you could ever imagine.

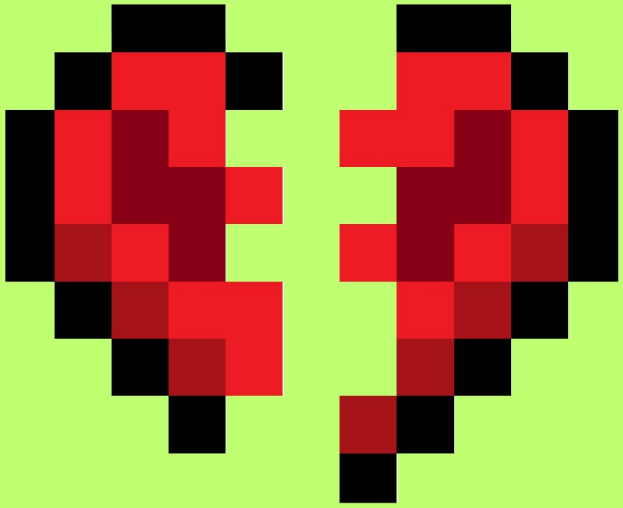
"then i have no choice. baby zombie, i need your help."

You turn around, meeting face to face with a baby zombie in full armor running full speed towards you. Your HARDCORE HEART shakes in violent fear as you utter your only words:

"You've got to be fucking kidding me."

It's over before you know it.





matcha♥

Happy April Fools' Day!

and thanks for reading!